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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #55

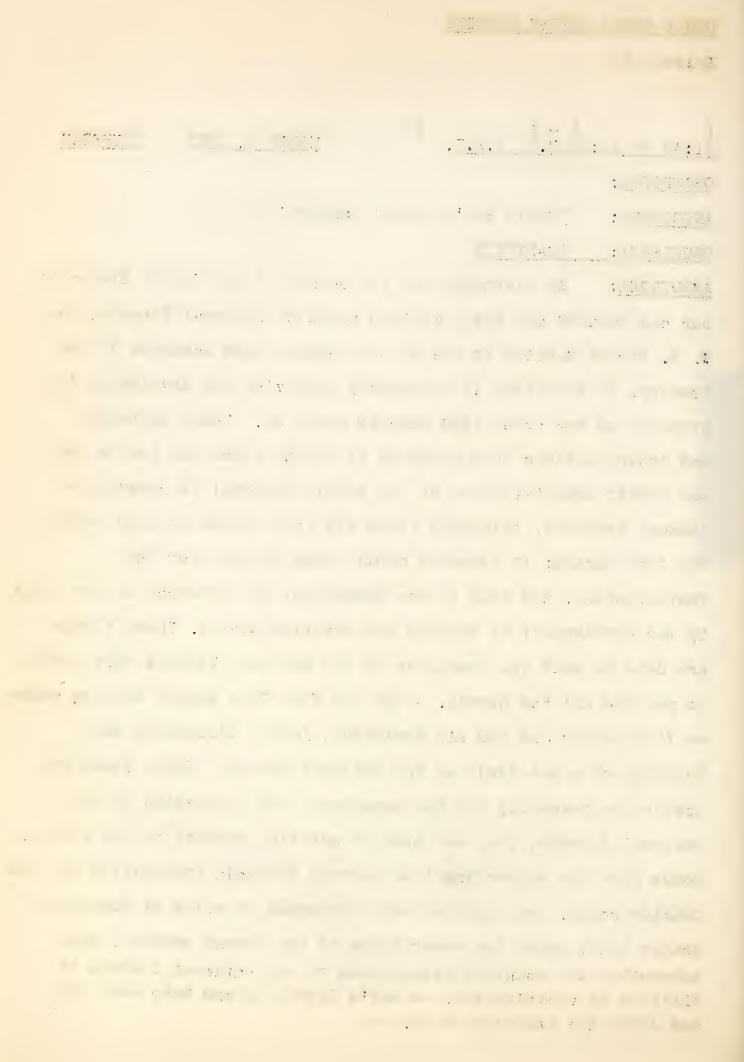
() - () 11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T. MARCH 9, 1933 THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCEP: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" ---

ORCHESTRA: QUARTETTE

As custodian for the people of the United States of ANNOUNCER: our one hundred and sixty million acres of National Forests, the U. S. Forest Service is one of the largest land managers in the country. It therefore is constantly improving and developing its property as any other land manager would do. Under authority and appropriations from Congress it builds roads and trails for the better administration of the public forests; it constructs lookout stations, telephone lines and fire breaks to help reduce the fire hazard; it improves public camp grounds for the recreationist, and aids in the management of livestock on the range by the development of springs and watering places. These things are done to make the resources of the National Forests more useful to you and all the people. -- At the Pine Cone Ranger Station today, we find Ranger Jim and his assistant, Jerry, discussing the building of a new trail in the National Forest. While roads and trails are primarily for the management and protection of the national forests, they are also of material service to the public. Roads form the connecting link between mountain communities and the outside world, and together with thousands of miles of Government trails built under the supervision of the forest rangers, make accessible the mountain playgrounds of our national forests to millions of vacationists. -- Let's listen in and hear what Jim and Jerry are planning to do. --



JERRY: Say Jim -- about that new trail we're going to

build this spring? Hadn't you better show me the

location on the map?

JIM: Sure. Good idea.

JERRY: I'll get it.

(SOUND OF RUSTLING PAPER)

JIM: Careful now - don't tear that map.

JERRY: I'm watching out, Jim. Here - shall I spread it out

on the table?

JIM: All right. Better move some of those bulletins and

study-course books of yours out of the way.

JERRY: Okay. (MORE RUSTLING OF PAPERS) All right. Here

we are. - Gosh, this map looks like a regular

jig-saw puzzle.

JIM: (chuckling) Yep. It's the improvement map for the

Pine Cone District: See? It shows the location of

all the guard stations, and telephone lines - fire

lookouts - see? - and other inprovements - the black

triangle here with the circle around it - that's

the fire lookout symbol.

JERRY: Yeah, I know -- What's the crooked green line here? --

Oh yeah, I see now. That's the new road we put in

last summer, ain't it?

JIM: Yep. That's a Forest Service Road, Jerry. The blue

limes are county roads and tye yellow lines here are

main highways. These that are colored in solid are

the ones we've spent federal money on.

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JERRY:

Gee, it looks like we've got a lot of roads -- on the map.

JIM:

Well, we have got quite a bit of mileage, Jerry. I s'pect we've been helping along the development of this region around here a lot more than most folks think. — And then of course the money we spend on road building in here doesn't hurt the locality any.

JERRY:

No, I should say not. It's that much more money put in circulation.

JIM:

Yep. It all helps, these days.

JERRY:

Yeah. - Where's this new Shadow Lake Trail going to be, Jim?

JIM:

Down here - see? Down here near the south end of the district. See this broken red line?

JERRY:

Yeah.

JIM:

I've been making arrangements to get started on this job, while you were up marking timber this week.

JERRY:

Starting right away?

JIM:

Yep. We ought to get the trail built pretty quick, if the weather holds good.

JERRY:

How about the snow on the ground? Won't that kinda delay things?

JIM:

It's most gone down there. You see, that part of the District is mighty rough, but it's not so high as up here along the main divide.

JERRY:

Someone's coming, Jim.

JIM:

I reckon that's Andy. You know Andy.

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JERRY: Sure.

JIM: He's going to handle this trail job for us. He's been getting the trail crew and pack train together.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

ANDY: (coming in) Howdy Jim. Howdy, Jerry.

JERRY: How are you, Andy.

JIM: (with him) Hello, Andy.

ANDY: (up) Well, here I be.

JIM: Kinda late, aren't you?

ANDY: It was them darn mules, Jim - that held me up. -

Handlin' them darn ornery critters --

JIM: Yep, I know. (chuckling) Mules're just like human

beings, Andy; there's always one in every crowd

that wants to cut up, huh?

ANDY: Doggone! That's right, all right!

JERRY: Which one was giving you trouble, Andy?

ANDY: (getting hot) It's that wall-eyed son of a mountain

canary - that Big Bertha -- she's a --!

JIM: Whoa now. (chuckling) Better keep your temper,

Andy. Nobody else wants it.

ANDY: Huh? Awright. -- Well, anyhow, I got all the crew

together outside, Jim - so soon as I kin pick up the

tools an' powder, we'll ramble.

JERRY: You'll have to travel some, Andy, to make camp by

night.

ANDY: Don't worry none, now. I ain't afraid of the dark.

(LAUGHS)

JIM: All right. Let's get going.

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ANDY: (going off) Awright --

(PAUSE: SOUND OF DOOR)

(BABEL OF VOICES, OFF)

ANDY: Hey fellers - here's Ranger Jim.

(CHORUS OF "HOWDY JIM:" "HELLO, JIM", ETC.)

JIM: (calls) Howdy boys. Glad to see yuh. -- All rarin'to go?

(CRIES OF "YOU BET", "NOW YER TALKIN'", "LEAD US TO IT", ETC.)

JERRY: They seem mighty happy about going to work, Jim.

JIM: (chuckles) I reckon you'd be too, if you hadn't had a job for six months, Jerry — See that fellow over there, Jerry? — the one with the overalls on?

They say he was gettin' six thousand dollars a year last year, till he lost his job. I s'pect he's mighty glad of the chance at a job building trail right now. —

BESS: (∞ ming up) What on earth is going on out here, J_{im} ?

Who are all these men?

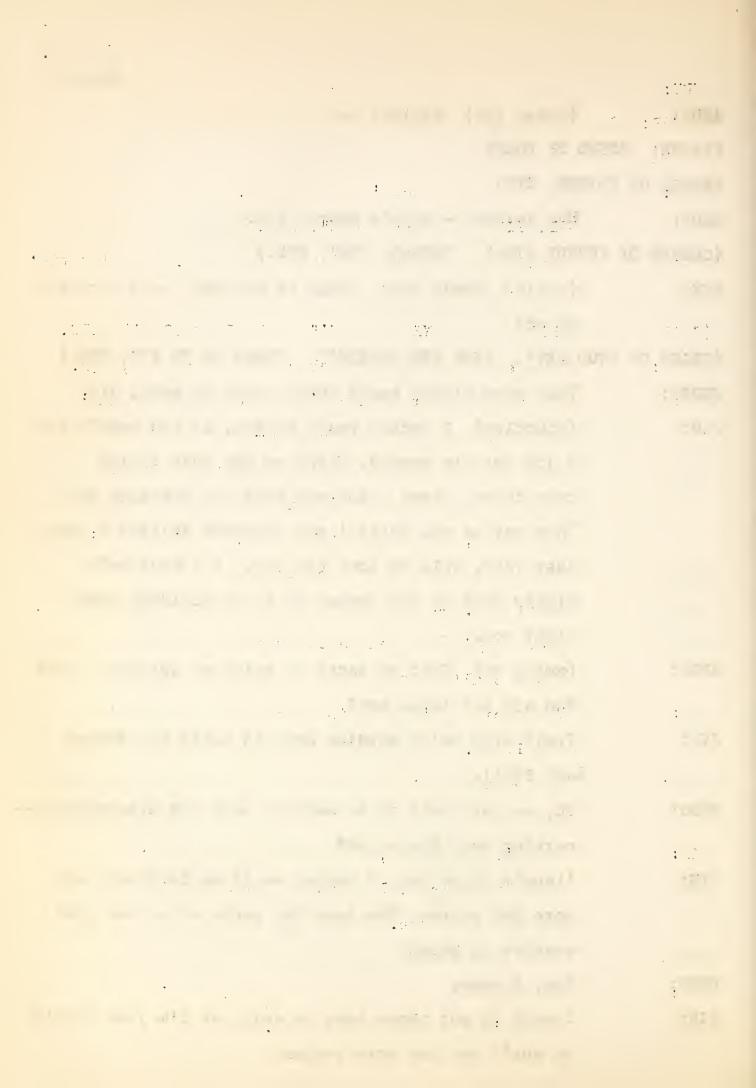
JIM: Trail crew we're sending down to build the Shadow Lake Trail.

BESS: Oh, -- but won't it be awfully cold and disagreeable-- working over there now?

JIM: 'twon't be so bad, I reckon -- if we don't have any more bad storms. The last two years we've had good weather in March.

BESS: Yes, I know.

JIM: I want to put these boys to work, so I'm just banking we won't get any more storms.



BESS:

Oh, I hope we don't. We had some bad ones this winter.

JIM:

Yep. -- We were just talking about the fellow in overalls over there, Bess. He used to get six thousand a year.

BESS:

Oh yes, I know him. He has the dearest wife and children. — Oh, Jim, imagine having six thousand dollars a year! Think of the things we could do.

JIM:

(chuckling) Yep. Imagine it — Seeing as you're a poor ranger's wife, though, I s'pect you'll have to content yourself with just imagining it. — Remember how you used to chide me about sticking to a poor paying ranger's job?

BESS:

Yes -- but I'm content now, Jim.

JIM:

Well, -- maybe we might've been a little richer,

Bess -- but I stuck with the ranger job those days

because -- well, because somehow these mountains

and forests seemed to mean more to me than a big

pay check; -- and then there was a chance -- maybe -
to do a little bit of good -- to do some small public

service.

BESS:

I'm glad — I'm glad we stuck, Jim.

ANDY:

(off) Hi, Jim. Give us a hand, will yuh?

JIM:

Sure. What do you want?

ANDY:

(up) This list of stuff here -- wanta check off the equipment as I lay 'er out?

JERRY:

I'll check it off, Jim?

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JIM: All right, Go ahead, Jerry.

ANDY: Awright now --

(SOUND OF STEEL CLANKING)

ANDY: (OFF) One, two, three, four - one set steel drills -

JERRY: Check.

ANDY: Two double jacks.

JERRY: Check (aside) -- What's a double jack, Jim?

JIM: It's a long handled striking hammer they use to

drive the drills with. Takes two hands to swing it.

JERRY: Uh huh. -- One fifty-pound box of powder - got that?

ANDY: Yeah. -- An' here's a coil of blasting fuse.

JERRY: One coil blasting fuse - check. -- What's this

little tin box here?

ANDY: (Excited) Hey! Look out!

JIM: Careful there, Jerry. Don't drop that.

JERRY: Why - uh - what's all the excitement about?

ANDY: Gimme that box --!

JERRY: Sure - here y'are.

JIM: That's blasting caps, Jerry. Enough to blow you

all over the landscape. You've got to handle 'm

careful - like a new born babe. They're mighty

touchy.

ANDY: Yeah. Golly, if they'd gone off with this box of

powder handy, it'd 've been lilies for all of us!

JERRY: Gee, I'm sorry. I didn't -

JIM: (chuckling) Well, we're all still here.

BESS: Oh dear, it frightens me to death when you have to

handle dynamite like this - (going off) I'm going

back in the house right now.

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JIM: (chuckling) Perfectly harmless, Bess - if it

don't go off.

ANDY: Awright. -- Hey, one of you fellers bring up Big

Bertha - an' we'll pack 'er first.

VOICE: (OFF) Awright.

JERRY: Are you going to pack the dynamite on Big Bertha?

ANDY: Not on yer life I ain't!

(SOUND OF MULES HOOFS, COMING UP)

ANDY: Come on here, you black devil. -- Whoa now. --

Here Jerry -- hold 'er head while I load this steel.

JERRY: Okay. -- Whoa -- whoa there, now --

(SOUND OF STEEL CLANKING)

JIM: Keep 'er head up, Jerry!

(CRASH OF STEEL - SOUND OF JUMPING AND BUCKING THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: Whoa now! -- Whoa -- I can't hold 'er, Jim - I --

JIM: Head 'er off! -- Whoa there --!

(SOUND OF MULE RUNNING OFF: SHOUTING OFF)

ANDY: Hey! Catch 'er - you fellers -- (going off) Doggone

that ornery --

JIM: (chuckling) Looks like the boys re going to have

a workout, right off.

JERRY: Yeah.

ANDY: (coming up) Doggone ornery critter - I tell yuh,

Jim -- that mule'd make an angel cuss --

JIM: (chuckling) No, would it now?

VOICE: (OFF) We got 'er, Andy!

ANDY: (calls) Yeah? Hitch 'er to the post - will yuh?

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JIM: Listen, Andy - I stpect you better have the rest of your men hit the trail. They ve got a long hike ahead.

ANDY: Yeah.

JIM: Jerry and I will help with the packin! - and the pack train! ll catch up with 'em later.

ANDY: Awright.

VOICE: (coming up) Say Ranger - how far is it we gotta walk?

JIM: It's quite a piece, pardner. I s'pect you fellows'll have to step along if you get up there and make camp before dark.

VOICE: It'll be kinda tough walkin' in the snow --

JIM: Well, - we could let you ride Big Bertha, if you want.

VOICE: Huh - that mule! Not on yer life. I'll take my chances hoofin' it, snow or no snow.

(FADEOUT WITH JIM CHUCKLING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JERRY: (adding out loud) Five - nine - sixteen - twenty-two
-- thirtyone -- forty - Say, Jim, you got quite a
bunch of grub for that trail camp.

JIM: Yep. - A man can't do hard work on an empty stomach,

Jerry. - Got those hills added up?

JERRY: All finished, Jim.

JIM: I guess the boys oughta be down there by this time. -
It's turnin' pretty cold for their first night in

camp, ain't it?

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JERRY: Yeah.

(OFF - BARK OF DOG AND SCRATCHING AT DOOR)

JIM: Hmm. There's Rex scratching at the door. Must be too cold for him outside.

JERRY: I'll let him in.

(SOUND OF DOOR, WIND WHISTLING - LOW BARK FROM DOG)

JERRY: Come in, old boy. -- Gosh, Jim, it sure looks like another storm coming up.

JIM: Well, Rex — Didn't like it outside, eh? — Here, down Rex — Down, old boy. — Go in by the fire-place where it's warm. (raising voice) Call him, Bess.

BESS: (off) What did you say, Jim?

JIM: Call Rex, Bess -- will you?

BESS: (off) Come Rex - here Rex. Come on, old fellow.

JERRY: Gee, it'll be tough on the trail crew if a storm comes up, Jim.

JIM: Well, I reckon they'll be all right - if it don't turn into a regular blizzard.

(PHONE RINGS)

JERRY:

I'll answer it, Jim. -- (TO PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger

Station. -- Huh? -- Oh, sure. -- (to Jim) It's

Andy, Jim - up at the trail camp. He's got the

emergency telephone set hooked up and wants to talk

to you.

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JIM:

All right. -- (TO PHONE) Hello, Andy -- make it all right? -- Fine. How did the men stand the hike? -- That's good. Give 'em plenty to eat, Andy. --Huh? Snowing up there? Looks like a storm coming up here, too. I hope it don't last. -- What? You're not kidding me? -- Yeah, I did order hay and grain for the mules. -- It isn't there? Hmm. Sam was. going to pack it in direct, day before yesterday. --Well, don't worry, Andy. We'll get you some feed. (chuckles) I s'pect you'll have to feed your mules baking powder biscuits tonight, Andy. -- Okay. Hook up again and call me in the morning, will you? - So long, Andy. (SOUND OF HANGING UP RECEIVER)

JERRY:

What's happened, Jim?

JIM:

That blamed rancher never packed in the feed for the miles.

BESS:

(coming up) What was that, Jim? - the mules over at the trail camp?

JIM:

Yes. Sam promised to pack in hay and grain for 'em, but it ain't there.

BESS:

Oh what a shame. The poor things.

JIM:

It's apt to be kinda tough getting feed up there if this storm keeps up.

JERRY:

Yeah. They'll starve if we don't though, Jim -down there in the snow.

JIM:

Well, if we ve got to pack feed to those mules, Jerry, - it looks like you and I are in for a long, hard trip tomorrow.

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(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, it looks like a long, hard trip ahead for the rangers. Next week at this same hour, we'll see how they make it, --And today, ladies and gentlemen, we join with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in honoring another veteran of the Service. A few days ago, Supervisor W. G. Weigle reached the age of retirement, after nearly thirty years of public service. As a boy on a farm nestled among the mountains of southern Pennsylvania, Bill Weigle roamed the woods getting acquainted with the flowers and animals and trees. Later, after eleven years of school teaching, during which he became principal of the schools of Cornwall, Pennsylvania, he entered Yale, and was graduated from the Forest School in 1904. He first entered the Forest Service as a student assistant. His work as a forester brought him to every forest region of the country. He became known as an expert on timber sales. As Supervisor of the Coeur d'Alene National Forest in Idaho, Bill Weigle went through the terrible fires of 1910, and managed to save his hide by getting into a mining tunnel, although his horse was lost in the flames that swept overhead. In 1911, Bill was transferred to Alaska, and as Supervisor of two great national forests, was the manager of a combined area of more than twenty million acres. Being shipwrecked in a 90 mile gale on a rocky, uninhabited shore, and several hair-raising encounters with Alaskan grizzly bears lent thrills to his detail to the land of the midnight sun. Since 1919, he has served as Supervisor of the Snoqualmie National Forest, in the State of Washington.

An expert forester, a faithful public servant - B_{ill} Weigle, we join in wishing you "happy days".

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"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

pmp - 11:06 A. M. March 8, 1933.

